

The Gold Coin.

A DEACONESS STORY.

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Two ladies were seated in an automobile which was standing in front of a store in a far Western city in this "Canada of Ours." The ladies noticed a group of three children in front of the store, two boys and a girl. The latter was crying bitterly, while one boy, with doubled fists, was facing the other—who was apparently twice his own age—and saying, "You knocked my sister down. You did it on purpose. You are a big coward." The elder boy laughed sneeringly and sauntered away saying, "Oh, you foreign kids."

"Mamma, I must see if that little one is hurt," said the younger of the two ladies, and before the footman could reach the door she had opened it, and was out of the car and beside the child. "Are you hurt little one?" said a voice whose penetrating sweetness of tone the child heard through her sobs, and looking up she saw a face of the most exquisite loveliness bending over her.

At the sweet words of sympathy the child sobbed so uncontrollably that the lady just put her arm around her, while the boy, touching his cap, said,